

Donald Kensler

Christmas Chimes



For the Holidays
collected by Uncle Timothy



The Visit of the Wise Men. Painting by H. Hofmann.
Used with permission of F. E. Wachsmuth, Leipsic.

Christmas Chimes

Stories, Poems and Pictures
For the Holidays



Collected by
Uncle Timothy

Ernst Kaufmann, New-York, N. Y.
7-11 Spruce Street
Printed in Germany



Table of Contents.

1. The Song of the Christmas Bells	5
2. The Christmas Family	6
3. Who sat beside Mother?	7
4. Prayers for Morning and Evening	9
5. The Boy that was Lost	9
6. A Christmas Carol	12
7. A Faithful Sheep Dog	13
8. "Professor Jake" and the Music Lesson	14
9. The Tadpole	18
10. Clean Slippers or Kitty	18
11. Blackie	21
12. What Jesus did for us	22
13. The Tapping that Betty heard	23
14. Clever Red Rover	23
15. Who is she?	25
16. Tangled Teddy	25
17. My Rabbit	27
18. A Bridge of Hose	27
19. The Children's Evening Prayer	29
20. Little Bob's first Night in Camp	29
21. No Plowing, No Oats	31
22. The World is full of Children	34
23. Funny Humps	34
24. Bob's Promise	36
25. Sunshine Playhouse	39
26. A faithful Friend	40
27. The Smile Box	42
28. Saved Fawn from death	43
29. A brave Mother Cat	44
30. "I forgot"	44
31. Pussy's Letter	45
32. A Grain of Sand	45
33. Boy wanted	47
34. The two Clocks	48
35. Promising Polly	48
36. Uncle Dick's Sunny Hour	51
37. A tiny Songster	54
38. Oh, what can little Hands do?	55
39. An Autumm Song	57
40. How Mrs. Spider cleans House	58
41. A Chimney-Sweep's Daring	59
42. Tom Thumb	61



The Song of the Christmas Bells.

'TIS Christmas Day! the sunshine sweet
Streams golden down the city street,
And worshippers wend their way
Unto God's house this holy day.
From out the church a soft refrain
Sounds from the organ's sweetest strain;
But grander still in belfry high,
The Christmas bells sound from the sky.

Over the mountains and over the sea,
Over the hillside and over the lea,
Singing a glorious anthem of love,
Taught by bright angels from Heaven above,
Sound out, ye bells, in melodious chime,
Singing the joys of the Christmas time,
Telling the world in a joyous refrain,
Jesus our Savior is born again.

The weary walk with quicker feet,
While list'ning to their music sweet;
The poor feel rich in heav'nly love,
The while they hear those bells above.
New hopes and joys are born again,
E'en in the saddest hearts of men;
And while the bells make melody
They're blessing all humanity.



The Christmas Family.

OH, a great family is ours,
The season's gifts to share,
And many are the "little ones"
Who look for Christmas fare.

Rich is the Lord in gems and gold,
His fertile fields stretch far,
Between the seas His forests stand,
And we His stewards are.

He looks into the dreary rooms,
Where dwell His children dear
In want and sorrow. "Why," He says,
"Are not My servants here?"

He turns Him from the steaming meats
And from the flowing wine.
"What do they, calling this their own,"
He asks, "when all is Mine?"

In the dim cellars, where the poor
For love their pittance share,
And stifle down the hunger-pang,
He finds more generous fare.



O ye who keep the birthday feast,
The world is yours in trust,
With priceless treasures running o'er,
And love's account is just.

On this, the Christ's great festival,
To Him our gifts must be.
His word abides: "Behold My poor
When ye would honor Me."

Mary F. Butts.

Who sat beside Mother?

"**M**OTHER, hasn't old Miss Joynes a funny voice when she sings? I 'most laughed out loud when I heard that squeaky sound."

Little Cary Marsh was tripping home from church between father and mother. She felt like a very good little girl, for she had sat quietly through the long sermon (at least it seemed long to Cary) had sung out of mother's hymn book, and had bowed her head at prayers. Another reason that Cary, was satisfied with herself was that she had on her new dress and her Sunday hat. She had looked at all the little girls sitting near her in church, and had decided that none of them had on as nice clothes as she had.

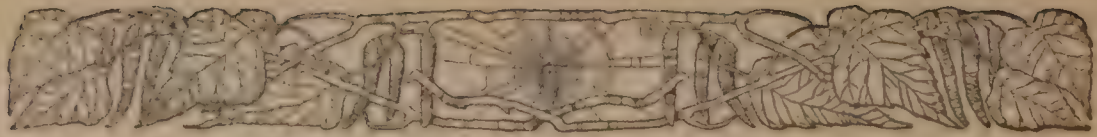
"I like to come to church," Cary said to herself, "when I have a new dress to wear."

And then she had found old Miss Joynes' squeaky singing very funny.

But instead of answering her question and saying, "Oh, yes, Miss Jones' singing was funny to—be—sure," Cary's mother asked the little girl a question: "What were you thinking about, Cary, while you were singing so nicely off my hymn book?"

"Ma'am?" Cary exclaimed in surprise.

"I noticed how well you carried the tune," said Mrs. Marsh, "and how well you read the words while we were singing, 'O Jesus, Thou art standing outside the fast-closed door.'"



Were you thinking about the dear Lord as you sang, and how he wants to come into our hearts by his Spirit, and make us love what is pure and right?"

Cary did not answer for a minute; she was thinking back. Then, as she was a truthful little person, she said with a queer half smile: "No, mamma; I was thinking that if I couldn't sing any better than Miss Joynes I wouldn't sing at all."

"And how about the prayer time, were you trying to lift up your heart and ask God to make you his obedient child?"

"No, Ma'am," said Cary, her little face getting red; "I opened my eyes and counted the tacks in the carpet. Do you think God was mad with me, mother?"

"Oh, no," answered her mother, smiling. "He knows what a little girl you are, but I think he was sorry that you were not at church."

"Not at church!" cried Cary. "Why Mother, I was sitting right beside you all the time."

"Yes; but I do not think God counts where our bodies are. He is always seeking spirits; and when we go to church and do not lift up our hearts to God, the place where we sit looks empty to him."

Cary walked along very soberly for awhile, and then, brightening suddenly she said: "I 'spec God saw Miss Joynes at church to-day."

"Sure," Cary's father said, thinking it was time for him to have a part in the talking; "and I have an idea that her squeaky voice made a beautiful sound by the time it got to God's ear."

They had reached home, and nothing more was said about church right then. But Cary made up her mind that God was going to see a whole little girl, body and spirit, too, sitting beside her mother next Sunday.



Prayers for Morning and Evening.

“**W**E thank Thee, Lord, who, through the night,
Hast kept us till the morning light;
Lord, we would now most humbly pray
For grace and mercy through this day.

Keep us, O Lord, from every sin,
From every evil thought within,
Under Thy care our dear ones take,
And hear our prayers, for Jesus' sake. Amen.”

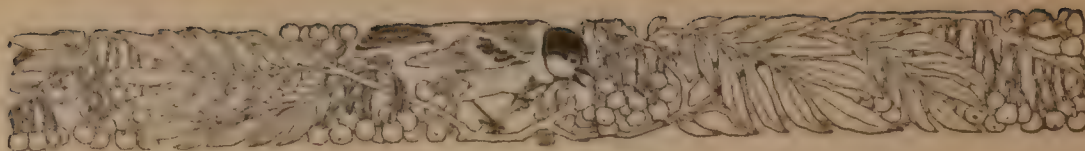
“Great God, we thank Thee for this day;
Forgive and take our sins away,
For Jesus' sake, who kindly gave
His precious blood for us to save.

And when we go to bed and sleep,
Do Thou us all in safety keep,
And in the morning may we awake
To bless our God, for Jesus' sake. Amen.”

The Boy that was Lost.

THERE was great excitement in the little German town of Verden when Matthew, the seven year old son of widow Trapp, was reported lost. Mother, sisters and brothers of little Matthew were almost beside themselves with grief when a day had passed, and no sign of the lad. He had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

In those days there was no telegraph or telephone, otherwise a description of the lost boy might have been sent in every direction, and people would have been on the watch for him, in order to return him to his home. As it was, the letters sent to the police of various cities did not travel any faster than the travelling minstrel show into which Matthew, attracted by the music and bright garments of the actors, had strayed. These actor-folk at that time were always ready to pick up well-built young children who could be trained into performers on the trapeze and to do tricks with dogs and ponies.



But the life of little Matthew was a hard one. It was months before he ceased to cry for his mother, his two brothers and three sisters: and only by the most awful threats was he restrained from appealing to the good people of the towns visited by the travelling show.

When twelve years of age, something happened that caused the boy to make a decision. The show had been faring badly, and money had become very short. So the men in the company resolved to try the life of robbers on the public highway. By holding up travellers, they now obtained their provisions, clothing, and money.

"To-night," the leader of the gang one evening addressed Matthew, "you stand guard a little way beyond the bridge where we will hold up the mail coach. If you see any one approaching, cry three times Whoo — whoo — whoo — like an owl."

Matthew said nothing, but his mind was made up.

As soon as he had been assigned his station, he ran, in the direction from which the coach was expected to come, as fast as his fleet feet could carry him.

"Stop! Stop if you value your lives!" he cried, when the coach came thundering around a corner in the road . . .

That night the band of robbers was behind the bars, and Matthew, amply supplied with funds and proper directions, on his way home.

When, toward dusk one day, he approached the humble cottage he used to call his home, not a sound was heard from within. The windows were dark. The doors locked. Matthew climbed through a window, his heart beating in dread of what he would find within. But the house was empty. Even the furniture had been removed.

Neighbors took him in, and told him the sad story. An epidemic of typhoid fever had visited the town, and the entire family had fallen victims to the terrible disease. Almost the entire village had become a city of the dead.

Matthew's sorrow was indescribable, though kind friends took him in and provided a home for him. But in later years he learned to understand the ways of Providence, which had permitted him to become a wanderer among evil men for a time in order that his life might be spared in the year of the epidemic.



The Boy that was lost.



A Christmas Carol.

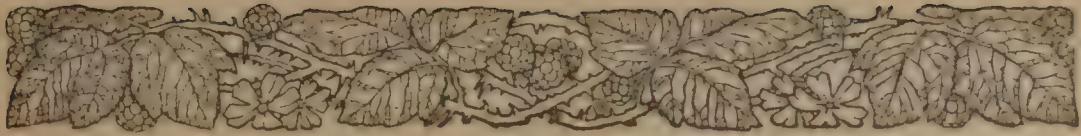
Kommt und lasst uns Christum ehren.

COME, and bow in adoration,
Sing of Christ, the world's salvation,
Raise your hymns of jubilation,
All ye saints of Christendom.

Sin and hell may mope in sadness,
Death and devil rage with madness,
We, who cling to Christ in gladness,
Cast this day all cares away.

See how God provides salvation
In His Son for every nation!
After this life's brief probation
He will grant eternal joy.

Loving-kindness did persuade Him,
Yea, His grace and favor made Him
Come to us who disobeyed Him,
Who were duped by Satan's art.



Jacob's star at last is risen,
Ye, whose eyes in longing glisten,
See Him break the devil's prison,
See Him bruise the serpent's head!

Hark! the dungeon which annoyed us,
Where a boundless grief destroyed us;
Where no hope or prospect joyed us,
Now is broken, we are free.

Oh, the hour is sweet forever,
When we know that naught can sever
Us from Christ, and we endeavor
With our tongues to render thanks!

Blessed Infant, sweet and holy,
Bless us from Thy manger lowly,
Lead us where we may extol Thee,
Singing with the hosts of God!

Paul Gerhardt;
tr. by J. W. Theiss.

A Faithful Sheep Dog.

ONE night, the Denver Post says, a herder brought his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog which usually followed him to the cabin of an evening to have his supper. The herder thought it rather strange, but made no search for the dog that night. But when he went down to the corrals the next morning he found the gate opened and the faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. The herder in his haste the night before had forgotten to close the gate, and the dog, more faithful than his master, had remained at his post all night though suffering from hunger and thirst.

On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After he had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were, and told the dog to put the sheep in



the corral. This he refused to do, and, although he had no supper, he started off over the prairie as fast as he could go. The herder put the sheep in the corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the low barking of a dog down by the corrals and there found the dog with a band of about fifty sheep which had strayed off during the previous day without the herder's knowledge; but the poor dog knew it, and also knew that they ought to be corraled, and he did it.

Another good story of this same dog. One day he was sent out with a new herder to an out-lying ranch, some fifteen miles distant. That night he came home and by his actions told us that there was something wrong on the ranch. Well, we mounted our bronchos and went over to the ranch, and very soon found out what the matter was. The new herder was simply a tramp, who, as soon as he had got a good feed, had "lit out" and left the sheep uncared for, save by his more faithful companion, the dog.



"Professor Jake" and the Music Lesson.

I WILL confess that the "Professor" was neither remarkable for talent nor good looks. His voice lacked sweetness, and his figure was not such as to inspire one with very much respect.



But after all he was a good-natured fellow, in spite of the ferocious expression of his eyes, which were deeply set beneath heavy, bushy eyebrows.

In the first place, Professor Jake was only a monkey, — a little dried-up, wiry monkey. The real professor was Jake's master, a Signor Bougliney, who was so very clever and famous that the title fairly belonged to him.

Jake was a great pet of his, and had been purchased of an organ-man two years before.

I think the Professor had first been attracted by the monkey's endeavor to beat time with his long arm to the wretched old tune the organ was grindling out, just as Signor Bougliney happened to pass by.

It was such a funny sight to see the little dried-up fellow, with his scarlet cap on, perched up on the organ-man's shoulder, beating time in the most awkward way, that the Signor couldn't resist wishing to own the monkey.

So he bought him with a liberal price, and Mr. Jake had shared the music room, and been an interested witness to many and many a music lesson ever since.

After a time he learned why the pupils came regularly at certain hours to the music room in Professor Bougliney's house, and also became acquainted with his master's habits and manner of conducting the exercises.

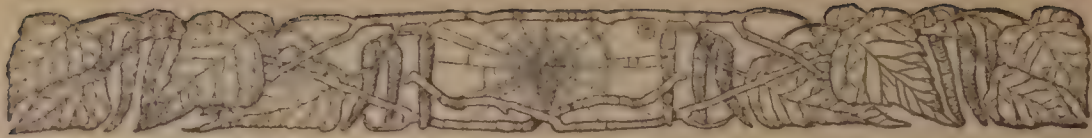
He behaved very nicely always during the lesson hours, sitting quietly in his corner of the sofa, and looking as wise as possible until lessons were finished, and he was allowed a game of romps.

And now I must tell you how he earned his title of "Professor."

It happened that one day Signor Bougliney had been detained down street a few moments beyond the time when he should have been in his music room to receive the pupils.

Little Paul and Mamie Rivers, two of the pupils, reached the house before his return, and went upstairs to wait for their teacher.

Jake occupied his usual seat on the sofa, and was eating an apple. He gravely nodded his head by way of salutation.



when the little boy and his sister entered, and then paid no more attention to them.

But presently, as the Signor still delayed coming, I presume Mr. Jake thought it a pity the children should lose their lesson, and, with the best intentions in the world, did what he could to supply his master's place.

He laid his apple down, wiped his mouth with the back of his paw, coughed a little very affectedly, and then went over to the piano stool, where he perched himself steadily, although the haircloth was exceedingly slippery, and poor Jake had hard work to keep his balance.

Then he placed a sheet of music before him, and turned toward the children with another nod, and beckoned with his finger just as his master had done many a time before.

Paul and Mamie were first astonished, and then much amused, and finally laughed outright, which seemed to offend their new teacher, for he rapped loudly on the music-rack and shook his head angrily.

To humor him, they took their places beside the piano, and began the scales, singing just as they had been taught, while the queer little fellow on the stool gravely struck a few notes in accompaniment.

You can imagine the children did not get on as well as usual with their lesson, because of the discords; and then they tried so hard to keep from laughing outright.

The monkey was just getting excited over his share of the performance, when the Professor came in.

Mr. Jake gave one glance at the door, then sprang from his seat, laid one paw impressively on his heart, and bowed low to the children ere he resigned his position as teacher, and again returned to his neglected apple on the sofa.

From that day, Jake was called "Professor," for the story spread about, and all the pupils enjoyed the joke.

Frank H. Sweet.



Under the Christmas Tree.



The Tadpole.

THERE was once a little tadpole
Who lived down in a pool,
And every day he wriggled
With his brothers off to school.

In the sunlit, shallow water
He quickly learned to swim
And never guessed what nature
Was going to do to him.

But soon he sprouted hands and feet;
His eyes began to poke;
His voice changed from soprano
To a harsh and hollow croak.

His little tail grew shorter,
His body round and plump;
He didn't swim so very much,
For now he'd learned to jump.

One day he slowly scrambled up
To sit down on a log,
And on looking in the water
He found he was a frog.

Mary Crowell.

Clean Slippers or Kitty.

RITA and Dorothy Ann lived next door to each other.
They were both going to a party at a big house up the
street. It was to be a very fine party. The lady who was
giving it had asked all the children in the block. She gave
them a party every year. This time she said there was going



to be something new. There was to be a big box of candy given one child. And that child was to be chosen by the children themselves.

Rita did hope she would get it. Every one always told her she was the prettiest child in the block, and her mother put a fresh, sweet dress on her every day. She had on a brand-new white dress now. It had beautiful silk dots running through the cloth, and blue ribbon bows on her shoulders and at her waist. Surely no other girl would look as nice as she did.

She saw that Dorothy Ann had on a plain dress. It was clean, but very old. Rita was glad she was not dressed that way.

A fuzzy little black kitten came running down a walk to see them. It was a very young kitten, and it should not have gone so far from its mother, for a big dog saw it and started after it. The little kitten was so frightened that it ran the wrong way, away from its home and away from the girls who would have protected it. It ran across the lawn toward a tree. It climbed up a short way and clung there, too frightened to go farther. The dog jumped up toward it.

"Oh, he'll hurt it. Go away Rex, you bad dog! Go away!" cried Rita. She wanted to go over and drive Rex away, but it had rained and the lawn was muddy. She must keep her slippers clean and white for the party if she was to win the prize.

Dorothy Ann had not stopped to think about the mud. She had rushed over and pushed Rex away and gathered the shivering kitten into her loving arms to take it back to the house and its mother.

"Do see your dress," Rita exclaimed, as she joined her. "The kitty's paws were all muddy."

Dorothy Ann looked down in dismay at her dress, but it was too late to change it. "It may brush off when it dries," she tried to comfort herself.

Rita did not think so. "You won't look nice at all. See your feet."

"But Kitty is all right," said Dorothy Ann, bravely, trying to scrape all the mud she could from her shoes.

When they got to the party Rita fluffed her hair out and patted her ribbons into place happily, while Dorothy Ann



A Happy Family. Painting by J. Adam.
Used by Permission of Photographic Union, Munich.



sadly explained why she was so untidy. Rita was glad her shoes and dress did not need to be excused.

Finally came the exciting time. The lady got up to tell who was the best liked, who was the most popular, who was to have the big box of candy. Rita held her breath to listen. It was Dorothy Ann. Nearly every one of them had wanted her to have it.

"Because," explained one girl, "she never thinks of herself, and is always doing nice things for others—like helping kitty get away from Rex, even if it did get her all muddy."

What do you suppose Rita thought then?

Blackie.

ONCE upon a time there was an old mother hen who had twelve baby chicks. They were all fluffy and yellow except one who was so black that he was called Blackie.

Every morning the little girl who lived in the big farm house came out to feed the chicks.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said the old mother hen, and ..Peep, peep, peep!" cried the baby chicks as if they were saying "thank you" to the little girl for taking such good care of them.

"Peep, peep," said Blackie, "now that I have had my breakfast I'm going to take a journey." And away he hopped from his mother and little brothers and sisters as fast as he could go!

By and by he came to a hole in the fence and out he went. He found himself on the nice green lawn and very near a lovely big flower bed full of pretty red and yellow tulips.

"What a fine world this is," thought Blackie. "I'm glad I ran away from the old chicken yard, for it was never so wonderful as this." With that he began scratching around the tulip bed to find something more to eat.

Just then a terrible noise sounded quite near him.

"Bow, wow, wow!" It was the little girl's fat brown puppy who was jumping about on his funny big feet, his tongue hanging out in much excitement.



"What are you doing out of the hen yard?" he said. "Go right back or I shall make you!"

"Peep, peep, peep," cried frightened Blackie and away he ran without looking at all to see where he was going.

Before he knew it he hopped right into the middle of a puddle of water. Little chicks do not like water at all, so poor Blackie was more frightened than ever! He fluttered his little wings, took a great hop and up he jumped on to a smooth stone in the middle of the puddle.

"Peep, peep, peep. Mother, Mother!" he cried. But mother hen was far away in the hen yard and could not even hear him.

The old tabby cat was curled up in the sun on the steps of the farm house porch, not far away. The little girl had given her a good saucer of milk and she was napping after her breakfast.

"Peep, peep, peep!" cried the baby chick from his stone in the puddle, "I want my mother!"

The old tabby cat heard him and came down to see if she could help. She put one paw in to the water, but drew it out in a hurry and shook off the drops, then she sat down as if she were trying to think of some other way, for tabby cat did not like to wet her feet.

"Peep, peep, peep! I want my mother, I'm afraid I'm going to drown."

Bang! went the screen door and down the porch steps ran the little girl! How she did laugh when she saw little Blackie and the trouble he was in.

"Never mind, Blackie. I'll take you back to your mother," she said and picking him up very carefully, she carried him back to the old mother hen.

What Jesus did for us.

FOR us He left His home on high;
For us to earth He came to die;
For us He slumbered in a manger;
For us to Egypt fled a stranger;



For us abuse He meekly bore;
For us a crown of thorns He wore;
For us He braved Gethsemane;
For us He hung upon the tree;
For us His final feast was made;
For us by Judas was betrayed;
For us by Peter was denied;
For us by Pilate crucified;
For us His precious blood was shed;
For us He slept among the dead;
For us He rose with might at last;
For us beyond the skies He passed;
For us He came at God's command;
For us He sits at God's right hand.

The Tapping that Betty heard.

"**T**AP, tap, tap! Rap, rap, rap!" was the sound that Betty heard early in the morning.

"Yes, mother," she called for she thought that it was mother tapping to wake her up.

"Tap, tap, tap! Rap, rap, rap!"

"Yes, mother," answered Betty again., and by this time she was wide awake. Just then mother herself came into the room, but the "tap, tap, tap!" kept on as sharply as ever.

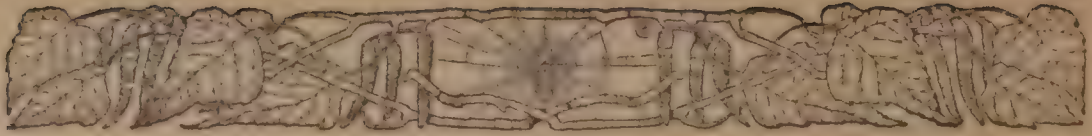
"Why, what is it?" cried Betty. "I thought you were tapping to wake me up."

"No, indeed," laughed her mother. "That is Mr. Woodpecker up on the roof."

Perhaps if you listen you may hear him tapping on your roof some day.

Clever Red Rover.

RED Rover was Bob's pony. He was a jolly little fellow, as full of fun and mischief as blue-eyed Bob himself. But he was such a pet that he roamed all over the lawn and never ran away.



At meal-times, however, the little rogue trotted up to the dining-room window and stood with his nose pressed against the glass. Usually somebody ran out with a lump of sugar or a red apple and Red Rover shook his head, neighed with delight, and trotted off.

But nobody understood how wise Red Rover really was until the day of the forest fire. One Saturday morning Bob's father said at the breakfast table, "This will be a good morning, children, to take some things to Aunt Liberty. I haven't heard from her for a month."

Now Bob and Sally had made other plans for their Saturday morning, but Bob was a first-rate soldier. He said pleasantly, "Yes, father."

So an hour later while Bob harnessed Red Rover into his gay little cart, Sally packed jelly, cakes and other goodies into a large basket, and put it in the back of the cart.

The children often took things to Aunt Liberty, who was aunt to all the girls and boys in town. She was a tiny old lady who lived in the woods in a little cabin. She was very glad to see Red Rover and the children, and gave him a carrot which he ate politely, although he wished it was a lump of sugar.

Usually he stood quietly and waited for the children, but today he was uneasy. He stamped and kicked, shook his long red mane, and neighed sharply for Bob to come.

So Sally and Bob made a very short call. Red Rover did not wait until they were really seated in the cart, but dashed down the rocky road at such a rate that pebbles and bits of mud flew up into the children's faces.

Worst of all, he would not take the turn to the right. Instead he plunged down the left-hand road. Bob and Sally were white with fear. By and by Red Rover stopped running and went along peacefully.

"We can go home this way," said Bob, "but it's twice as far."

Just then their father's car came around the bend in the road. Their mother was driving.

"How did you know you should take the left-hand road?" she asked.

"Red Rover wouldn't turn," said Bob.



Their mother stopped the car. She jumped out and came running to Red Rover. She put her arms around his rough neck and hugged him.

"The wise little fellow knew that the woods were on fire," she said. "Now I'm going up to get Aunt Liberty, and you may tell the cook to have a good supper for us, but to be sure anyway to cook a special kettle of mush for Red Rover, because he saved your lives."

Red Rover neighed as if he understood every word, and he trotted smartly along home while she went after Aunt Liberty.

Who is she?

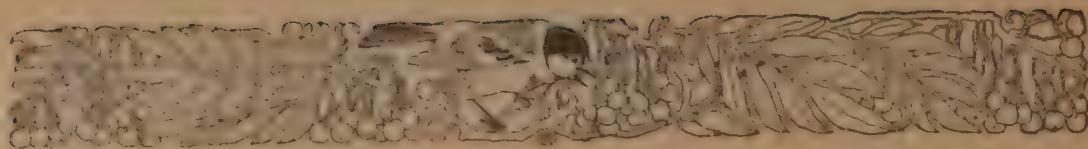
I KNOW the dearest little girl,
About as big as you;
Her eyes are black, or brown, or gray,
Or maybe they are blue.
But, anyway, her hands are clean,
Her teeth are white as snow,
Her little dress is always neat;
She goes to school, you know.
This little girl—I love her well,
And see her often, too—
If I today her name should tell—
She might be you!

Tangled Teddy.

"STRAY Cat! Stray Cat! Don't you come 'round our door!" sang Teddy.

Stray Cat didn't quite understand. He was tired, and the cool veranda of Teddy's home looked, oh, so good to him. Perhaps, too, there was a small boy like Teddy in the home wherever he belonged. At any rate, he rubbed his dusty coat against Teddy's bare legs and purred happily.

Ted was angry—very angry indeed—at this. He picked up Stray Cat, threw him into Marjorie's doll-house, and locked him in there. Poor Stray Cat mewed and mewed,



but Ted did not seem to mind his cries at all. He did not like strange cats, and Stray Cat had better know it at once.

It was not hard to find an old tin can and a ball of twine. With an old nail, Ted was trying to put a hole in the can. Somewhere he had heard that the best way to get rid of a stray cat was to tie a tin can to its tail.

"Teddy, what are you trying to do?" asked Uncle Phil from the doorway.

"This ole cat! Don't want him 'round our house, so—"

"So you were going to tie a can to its tail and send it off the place? All right, but come here first and bring me that ball of twine."

Now, if Ted wondered why Uncle Phil wanted the string, he did not wonder long. In a trice Uncle Phil had him secure. In and out and around Uncle Phil wound that twine about his legs and arms until he couldn't move one bit. And, besides, it was not one bit comfortable.

"Don't like it, eh?" asked Uncle Phil. "You are not a very good doctor if you don't like your own medicine. How do you suppose Stray Cat would like it if you do not?"

Stray Cat mewed loudly as if to say that he would not like it either, and Uncle Phil lifted him out of his narrow prison and stroked his ruffled fur.

"Oh, please," it was the voice of the pretty lady who had just moved next door. "I see you have my cat. I was so afraid he was lost. May I have him, please?"

The pretty lady was so delighted to get her cat back again that she did not notice that Teddy was a prisoner. But later, when Teddy grew to know her and Stray Cat better, he told her the whole story. And now Ted no longer thinks it is nice to tie tin cans to stray cats' tails.

J. Winifred Colwell,



My Rabbit.

LITTLE Bonnie, I'll treat you well;
If I don't you cannot tell;
But the great God who lives on high
He will hear your piteous cry.

Our God made you as well as me—
Me so big, and you so wee;
And sure am I he loves us too;
So you love me, and I love you.

A Bridge of Hose.

THE firemen of Engine No. 10 were sitting in chairs around the door of the engine house. Old Henry Collins, who was driver on the hook and ladder, coughed and cleared his throat. "I guess it was before your time," said he, looking from one to the other of his associates, "when the Eaton



Block burned. I had a pretty close call then and managed to get out of a bad scrape in a curious way.

"Eaton Block was the highest building in town. When we got to the fire it had already swept up through the elevator shaft, and the second and third stories were all going. Our crew had orders from the chief to take a hose up to the fourth story on ladders, and John Navin was with me at the nozzle.

"We went up the extension ladder, broke in one of the office windows, and met the flames on the stairway. There were one or two hot-air explosions below, but we stuck to the job until all of a sudden something fell in and let the draft up the stairway.

"John got to the window first and looked out. 'It's all up with us, Henry,' he says to me. 'The fire has come out of the windows below, and our ladder is burned in two.'

"We knew very well that our comrades, who were shouting at us below, had nothing long enough or quick enough to reach us in time.

" 'Henry,' shouts John, 'wind the hose around that iron safe! The hose will save us. We'll go down on the hose!'

" 'John,' I said, 'it can't be done. We'd scorch to a cinder on the way.'

"He leaned out the window and made signs to the men below. Meanwhile I did as he had told me and made the hose fast. When I went to the window beside him, I discovered he had made the men understand by his shouts and signs.

" 'Watch!' he said to me.

"I saw the men below unbuckle the other end of the hose and run across with it to a ladder they were putting up against the opposite building. They took it up about two stories and made it fast somewhere inside the window.

"Then I saw the whole thing. The hose was hanging between the two buildings like a bridge, and, of course, it was pulled away out from the flames that were shooting out below us. We just slid down the hose to the place where the slack part hung over the middle of the street, and the boys in the building opposite kept paying it out until the sag reached the ground. You ought to have heard the folks shout when we got to the street."



The Children's Evening Prayer.

OUR Father in Heaven, for Jesus' sake,
Our little lives, we pray Thee make
Purer and better day by day,
That we may find and walk the way
That Jesus trod, and through His love
Reach the Fatherland above.
Bless my mother, gracious Lord,
And father, too. With one accord
Be with the sick, the poor, the blind,
The careless ones and all mankind.
Keep us through the coming night,
And if we die before the light,
Our souls to heaven we pray Thee take.
To be with Thee, for Jesus' sake.

Charles von Salzen.

Little Bob's First Night in Camp.

OH, how it did storm! — after it had been so beautiful in the morning, too! The long road in the woods was all smooth and white, and Old Dandy, the horse, went into the drift up to his knees at every step, and his rough black coat was filled with the thick, whirling flakes.

All the pines and the fir-trees were bowed down with snow, and it danced on the brown beech leaves like fairy feet.

It stuck Bob Berry's eyes together, it flew into his ears, it crept slyly down behind his coat collar, and dodged up his sleeves in a very cold, aggravating way.

But he sat up stiff in the old "lumber-box" beside Ben Wade (a trapper who lived in a camp in the woods, and with whom, after much teasing, Bob had been permitted to go



and stay a few days), till a big gust came and whirled a great drift off a broad fir limb right down upon his head, making him catch his breath as if he had been ducked in the pond.

Old Ben laughed, and snuggled him down head and ears under the "buffalo," and before little Bob knew it they were at the camp.

Then Ben raked open the fire in the wide fireplace, dragged a black kettle out of the embers to the hearth, and threw on great snow-covered logs that hissed and steamed and sent the ashes flying out in little clouds.

But oh, such a delicious odor greeted little Bob's nostrils! And it came out of that bubbling black kettle! What was in it? And old Ben shuffled so slowly about, shaking the snow out of his great coat, hanging his leggings up to dry, and sweeping the hearth with a green, spicy-smelling hemlock broom that snapped angrily as he switched it into the flames!

Bob was hungry as a little dog. He just couldn't wait, and when Ben went to hang up his broom he slyly lifted the lid of the kettle! Beans! golden-brown and juicy and rich, with a whiff of onions that nearly lifted Bob off his toes, and made his hungry little stomach cry out loud almost.

But Trapper Ben did not keep him long waiting, for in a minute he raised his table, — a board hung by two hinges to the side of the camp, — drew up two stools, and supper was ready. Bob had a tin dipper of tea to drink, in which Ben put lots of molasses because he was company. Mamma shut her eyes and shuddered when Bob told her about it.

Then it was dark, and Ben took Bob up to the loft to bed. He stuffed an old jacket into the broken window, and went out to see about his chores and bear traps.

Bob had never seen just such a bed! A long, wide box filled with sprigs of fragrant evergreen and covered with bearskins! Bob crept between the skins, and lay with wide-open eyes watching the firelight dance on the rough, low roof, as it glinted up through the cracks of the loose floor.

Presently there was a rustle somewhere under the eaves. Bob's ears were on the alert. Perhaps it was a mouse! Then there was an old little chuckle that brought Bob up on his



elbow, his great black eyes staring hard out into the dusky corners. Then all at once a wild cry rang through the loft.

Down ducked Bob beneath the great, friendly bearskin that he had before looked upon almost with terror. He clutched his long hair, and held it close over his head.

What could be that dreadful sound? Surely nothing less than a wildcat could scream like that, thought Bob. He must have got into the camp while Ben was away. Bob had heard him tell how fierce they were, and how far they could leap. He expected a pounce upon the bearskin any minute, and he groaned softly and wished himself safe at home in his own trundle-bed.

Scree-oo-oo-oo! shouted the cry again.

Bob was in a panic, and dug farther down among the evergreens.

Then he heard a faint scratching behind the box in which he lay.

Scree-oo-oo! Oo-scree-oo-oo-oo-oo!

This was too much. Bob tossed the bearskin topsy-turvy, and stumbled down the crooked stairs as old Ben appeared in the camp door.

"Wildcats? You don't tell me!" cried Trapper Ben, clambering up the stairs.

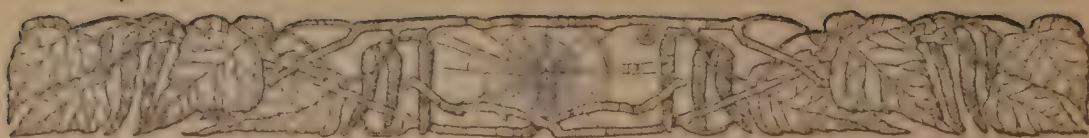
"Why, bless my heart! if 'tain't a little squinchowl" (screechowl he meant)! "He couldn't hurt anything bigger than a mouse, Bob. He must have come through the broken window to get in out of the storm!"

Didn't they laugh! and Bob stroked its fluffy, solemn little face with its big goggle eyes; then Ben opened the door, and it flew out into the storm.

Frank H. Sweet.

No Plowing, No Oats.

"PUT the young horse in plow," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field and gayly he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.



"Where are we going now?" he said when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised.

But Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plow as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning around to the old gray mare.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd, indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed and he fell asleep again as he began to calculate how long it would take to plow it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came and another turn and the bottom and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your plowing I hope to have no more of it."

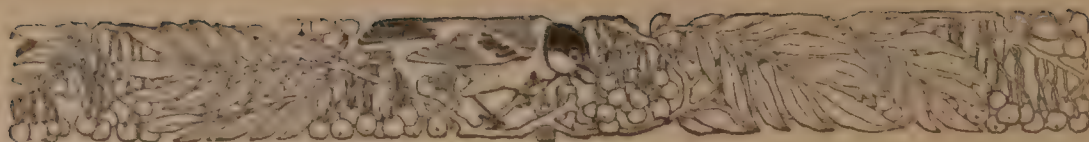
But his hopes were vain; for many days he plowed till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed, in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats:

"I say, Dobbin, this is better than plowing. Do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of



A Dispute about the Sign at the Cross-roads.



walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again?
It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin .

"Delicious," said the young horse.

"Then please remember that if there were no plowing there
would be no oats."

This little fable is as good for boys and girls as for horses.
Can you find the moral?

The World is full of Children.

THE world is full of children
Of many different ways;
Some are used to icebergs,
And some to torrid days;
Some have tassels, some have beads,
Some have fan or feather,
What a joyful time they'd have
If they got together.

The world is full of children
Of many different kinds,
And many different costumes,
And many different minds;
Some in silk and some in fur,
And some in cloth or leather;
But if they had half a chance,
They'd like to play together.

By Nancy Byrd Turner.

Funny Humps.

THERE came to a menagerie two camels. One of them
was the possessor of one hump; but the other had two.
Each had just arrived from the country of his birth, and for
this reason neither was familiar with the fact that there are
camels both of two humps and of one. After they had become



somewhat accustomed to their new surroundings, each began to talk of the other.

"Isn't it strange that my kinsman, One-hump Camel, was made as he should have been?" asked the camel of two humps when he was talking to a friendly monkey, who had but lately arrived at the menagerie. "It seems to me that something has been left out of his make-up. I was so shocked when I saw how deformed he was that it was all I could do to refrain from showing ill breeding by calling attention to the fact of his deformity."

The other camel, too, had his ideas about how camels should be made. Said he at a later time to the same friendly monkey: "How queer it is that my friend over yonder has so many humps? It seems to me that my one hump is very beautiful; but to have two would be a calamity. I should hate to be so deformed. It would be like having eight legs instead of four! I don't see what he does with his two humps."

The little monkey had a hard time to keep the friendship of both camels and at the same time be loyal to both, for he wanted to appear civil; yet, he didn't care to express himself too freely about either, for he had a vague feeling that camels of both varieties were common. He was glad, therefore, when a wise old elephant, who had had hundreds of years of experience in the menagerie, straightened things out.

The two camels, as time went on, had begun to express themselves very freely, though never in the presence of one another. One day, however, when the animals were eating hay, the camel of one hump and the camel of two humps engaged in a quarrel over a bit of food. As a result, the camel of one hump taunted the other with having too many of those ornaments. Then the other accused his friend of not having the share which nature intended for him. Their remarks became so personal that the elephant took a hand and said:

"You two camels show your ignorance; it is clear that you haven't been long away from your native land. Now, you, Mr. Bactrian, with your two humps, no doubt think that there are no other camels than those which come from Siberia, or Tibet, or China. And you, Mr. Dromedary, think that all camels have one hump and that they come from



Arabia, or Syria, or Africa. But anybody who has lived as long as I have knows that some camels are supposed to have two humps and some are supposed to have one. Now that ought to settle your quarrel!"

The camels did not seem to be altogether satisfied. The owner of one hump returned: "But, friend Elephant, why on earth should any camel have two humps? One is ornament enough!"

Before the other camel could state his side of the case, the elephant said: "I understand, my friend, that your humps are not ornaments at all. They are used to store fatty material, which is to be used at times when you fellows can't get food. Now I'd say that a camel with two humps is given those two humps because he is born in a place where it may be necessary for him to go longer without food than the camel of one hump. For the two humps will contain a larger supply of fatty store than one hump will.

"You two fellows, then, who have made so much of the peculiarity of the other fellow, may find that things are not so peculiar after you really know what is what. Funny things are not always so funny when you really understand. At least you needn't talk of the peculiarity of the other fellow until you have made it a point to understand him." The wise old elephant shifted his ears knowingly. Afterwards, the camels spoke no more of funny humps; and the monkey could be loyal to each from that time on.

Bob's Promise.

"Oh, come on, Bob," urged his companions, as Bob hesitated.

"I—," he began, and Harry Payson laughed out loud. Bob squared his shoulders then. He would not have Harry Payson laugh at him.

"Come on," he said. "Guess I'll go, after all," and off they started.

Now, Bob had hesitated because he had promised mother he would go right home from school and clean his playroom.



Leave Some for Me. Painting by G. Igler.



"I'll clean it tomorrow," he told himself, as he tramped along with the other boys and girls. "An afternoon like this in the woods is too good to miss. Mother won't mind when I tell her."

One of the boys had brought his bow and arrow along, and they were going to have a fine time shooting at a mark.

Soon Bob heard a familiar sound. "Bow-wow-wow," it said.

"Bob," some one called. "Here's your puppy dog."

What she was doing there so far from home, Bob did not know, but there she was, tired and dusty, but very happy to have found her little master again.

"Peg, you go home," ordered Bob, and Peg tried to tell him in her best doggie language that she didn't know the way.

"Let her go, Bob; she'll find her way home again," said Harry Payson, but this time Bob did not heed Harry's words.

"Guess I can't go with you this afternoon," he said, as he faced them all. "I can't take Peg along, you know, and I can't leave her here."

"But, Bob, you're not going to spoil everything because of a dog?"

Bob had made up his mind now. He called to Peg, and started off on the run.

"Good-bye; I hope you have a good time," he called out, looking back, and then went on running, every step taking him farther and farther away from temptation and nearer home. Peg barked happily as she ran after him.

In half an hour mother put her head in the playroom door.

"Little boys who keep their word are always rewarded," she said. "Uncle Jim wants to take you for a ride in his new car. I'll finish up for you, dear."

"Can I take Peg with me?" Bob asked. "She deserves it more than I do."

The story was told then. "By all means bring Peg," said Uncle Jim, so the three went off for their drive. And now, when Bob is tempted to do wrong, he thinks of Peg and of the ride she gained for him with Uncle Jim—and then he is tempted no longer.



Sunshine Playhouse.

THERE was the sign right before them. Bobby and Jane stood and looked at it.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Jane. "What a nice place this is, and right in the woods, too! I wonder who built it!"

"Oh, let's peek in and see what it looks like inside," said Bobby as he tugged at Jane's hand to make her come along. "Look! I see a big pan on the door."

Yes, there was a big pan on the door, and evidently when the owner was out and folks wished to get him, they took a stick and beat on the pan.

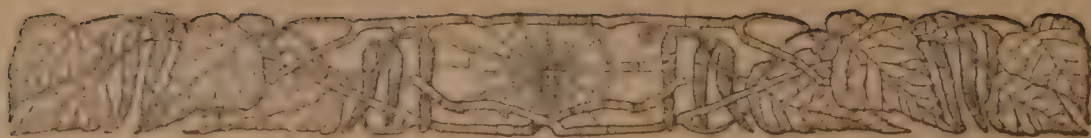
"I wonder who thought about that!" said Jane with a laugh. "I guess we'll have to tell mother about it when we get home, so she'll know how to call us sometimes when we forget it is time for supper or dinner."

Just then a kindly voice behind them said, "Can we do anything for you?" Jane and Bobby looked around and there stood two little people, a boy and a girl about as old as Bobby and Jane.

"We have just moved to this place," said the little boy, smiling. "I meant to this farm, and this week papa and Uncle Ned put up this playhouse for us. We call it 'Sunshine Playhouse' because it makes us so happy to come and play, and it is so dry we can play indoors when it rains and not think but what the sun is really shining outside."

"I am sure that we are glad to have you for neighbors," said Jane, "and I am glad that 'Sunshine Playhouse' has come, too. May we look in and see how it is inside?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" exclaimed the little girl, darting forward to open the door. "Come right in and see my dolls and Billy's horses and carts and airplanes. We have lots of fun here!"



What a happy hour Jane and Bobby spent with Billy and Emma.

At length it began to grow a little "dimlight," as Billy called it, and way off in the distance came the "tum-tum-tum-tum-tum!" of somebody beating on a tin pan.

"Five o'clock!" exclaimed Billy. "Mamma calls us that way by beating the hours."

Billy went to the big pan on the door, took up the stick, and slowly beat it against the pan five distinct times. In a moment came the reply from afar, "Tum-tum!"

"That means 'all right.' She has heard our pan and knows that we heard her," explained Emma.

"So we must all go home now," said Jane. "What a nice afternoon we have had at 'Sunshine Playhouse.' May we come again?"

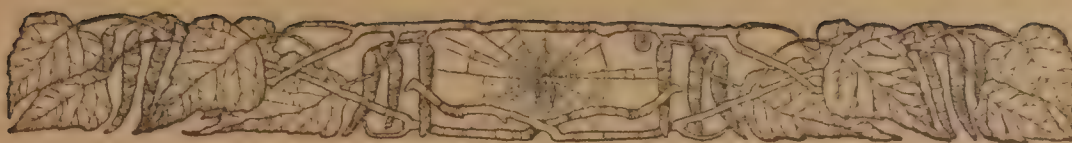
"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed Billy quickly. "Come often and we can have lots of fun together."

A faithful Friend.

HOW many of my family of little readers love a dog? I am sure you all do, for they are man's best friend in the animal kingdom and do many acts of kindness for their owners. The following is a true story of a dog's knowledge and unselfishness for one of his own kind.

There were three dogs in the same town, close neighbors and who, strange to say, all had the same name—Buster—so, in order to distinguish them, they were familiarly known by the Master's surname, Buster Pierce, Buster Moore and Buster McCormick.

Each dog made daily visits to the meat market, where the kindly old butcher remembered each with a bone, and many were the bow-wows of thanks he received from his dog friends. Spring came, in all its loveliness of green grass and budding flowers, but, poor Buster McCormick could not romp and play with his two neighbors as before, for he had grown weak and feeble from old age. His Mistress and the



children provided many dainties for him and made him a comfortable rug to lay out on the grass in warm sunshiny days, so he might bask in the sun.

During these days Buster Pierce was struck by an automobile and had his leg broken. His little playmates were



heart-broken when they overheard their Papa say that he had better be killed, to end his suffering. They pleaded so hard that Papa had a kind and skillful veterinary surgeon come and set the broken leg. You may be sure his little friends gave him loving care.

Poor Buster Moore was lonely indeed. Each day he would visit his dog friends and his actions said, as plainly as words, "Why can't you come and play?" Then an idea dawned on



his dog brain, and what do you think it was? He trotted off to the market for a bone, but not to use for himself this time. After receiving it he scampered back and laid his offering down to the old dog on the grass and stood back with a pleased face, while his old playmate wagged his tail in appreciation.

Away he darted to the meat shop again and brought another bone, this time to his friend with the broken leg and with genuine happiness glowing in his honest, brown eyes he deposited his gift to his crippled friend, his actions all seeming to say, "At last I have found something to do for you."

In telling me the story the old butcher said it was an every day occurrence for Buster Moore to visit the shop and carry a bone to each helpless friend, until the old dog died and the crippled one got able to help himself once more.

I am quite sure every boy and girl will say, "Three cheers for Buster Moore, who forgot all about himself in his eagerness to help his friends."

The Smile Box.

IF I knew the box where the smiles are kept
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard —
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then, over the land and the sea, broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
So that careworn people might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.



Saved Fawn from death.

A YOUNG boy with a pet fawn trotting behind him attracted attention one afternoon on a road near Portland. The little creature was perfectly tame, and on the approach of a team would timidly run to the boy's side as though seeking protection. To a well-known insurance man, who was on the road driving with his wife, the lad told the story of his acquisition of the fawn.

Some weeks ago the boy was fishing on the Tualatin River. Fish were plentiful, and, engrossed in the sport, the lad kept his eyes on the ripple, taking no cognizance of what was going on behind him. A bleating sound from the bank above him he paid no attention to, thinking it was some stray lamb. The bleating was repeated a number of times, but the boy was fishing and the trout were rising freely. Then came a patter of tiny hoofs down the river bank, and a little cold nose was pushed into his hand. Looking down, the boy found the fawn standing beside him, apparently without fear, the pleading look in its brown eyes asking help. Its neck and one side of the head were covered with blood, still wet, its limbs barely supporting the frail body.

The boy's first thought was that the waif had been wounded, and in attempting to reach water had come on the river bank at the point where he was fishing, and through sheer weakness being unable to go further, had tumbled down to the stream, landing by his side. Picking the little thing up in his arms, the lad waded out on the ripple and, washing the blood from the fawn's neck, found it uninjured.

Some hunter had shot the mother doe, and with her dying strength she had plunged back through the timber to reach the baby deer, born but a few days before. The fawn had evidently become alarmed and started to find its mother,



its one point of location being the runway at the river, where, during its few days of life, the two had nightly come to drink.

The boy took the little orphan to his home, and it was less than an hour before the fawn had accustomed itself to the new surroundings and was perfectly contented. It at once attached itself to the boy, seeming to look upon him as its natural protector, and now wherever the lad goes, the fawn follows.

A brave Mother Cat.

DURING a terrible fire an act of bravery on the part of a mother cat brought forth the cheers of the crowd. As a powerful stream of water fell upon the blazing wall of one of the many burning buildings, it struck the cat with such force that it lifted her across the street. As soon as she could recover her breath she hurried back to the shelter where she had left her four new-born kittens, and emerged carrying one in her mouth, which she laid carefully on the opposite side of the street.

The crowd tried to keep her from again entering the burning building, but three times she made the trip, each time bringing out one of her wee babies. The last attempt was frustrated by a solid wall of fire, and slowly and sadly she returned and lay down by her little family. It was not an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals who took the rescued family, but a little Polish girl, herself made homeless by the fire.

"I Forgot."

"I FORGOT" is a little fox that does a great deal of harm. Annie had a beautiful canary. But one day she forgot to put fresh food and water in the cage. For several days together she forgot all about her bird; and when she did think of him, and went to take him food and water, there he lay dead on



the bottom of the cage. She cried very bitterly, but this did not make Dicky bird live again.

Tom lighted a candle one night and carelessly threw down the match. His mother had often told him that he must not do this; but he forgot, and the match fell into a basket of rubbish. That night, while the people were asleep, the fire spread from one thing to another, until at last the whole house and all that was in it was burned; and all because Tom "forgot."

Pussy's Letter.

"**D**ID you know that the mother of those kittens can tell a letter addressed to her?"

"A letter!" I exclaimed in great surprise.

Mrs. Russel gave me a sealed envelope to mail addressed to Mrs. Pussy, 27 Marlboro Street, City.

"Now," she said, "tomorrow morning you will see what puss will do when the mail comes."

Among the bundle of letters the postman brought next morning was pussy's. Placing them on the floor, Mrs. Russell said: "Now, pussy, pick out your letter."

In a minute pussy had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

"Wait a minute more," said Mrs. Russell. "She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope."

Scarcely had she said this when pussy had torn the envelope open, and was enjoying her letter very much. How did she know which one to take?

The letter was filled with catnip.

A Grain of Sand.

"**M**OTHER! mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out, quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and tears were running down her cheeks.



"Why, what is it?" asked her mother, as she put her arm around the child.

"I don't know; it's an awful big thing; the wind blew it into my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears.

"I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it is there, mother; please do get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again, then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time, but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it; something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother, "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy, "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humor—nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over and over again, "You make me very uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window pouting. In a little while her face brightened and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mother; don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"



"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself, but I can and I will right away."

Boy wanted.

WANTED—A boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight and talks straight;

A boy who listens carefully when spoken to, who asks questions when he does not understand, and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business;

A boy whose finger-nails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, and whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed, and whose teeth are well cared for;

A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise about it as possible;

A boy who whistles in the street, but not where he ought to keep still;

A boy who looks cheerful, has a smile for everybody and never sulks;

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl;

A boy who does not smoke cigarettes, and has no desire to learn how;

A boy who never bullies other boys nor allows other boys to bully him;

A boy who, when he does not know a thing, says "I do not know," and when he has made a mistake says "I'm sorry," and when requested to do a thing immediately, says "I'll try";

A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells the truth every time;

A boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than tell a lie;

A boy who is not sorry for himself, and not forever thinking and talking about himself;



A boy who is friendly with his mother and more intimate with her than with any one else;

A boy who makes you feel good when he is around;

A boy who is eager to read good, wholesome books;

A boy who is a pal to his dad;

A boy whom other boys like.

This boy is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, the office wants him, the boys and girls want him, and all creation wants him.

The two clocks.

LITTLE clock, ticking all day long,
What are the words of your endless song?

"One, two, three, and four and five,
Hurry, hurry, hurry while you are alive."

Great clock, standing stiff and tall,
What do you say in the darkened hall?

"Five . . . and six . . . and seven . . . and eight:
Take your time; you'll not be late."

Little clock, big clock, which is true,
How am I to know what I'm to do?

"Hurry when you're little," "And learn when big to be
Quiet, and steady and sedate like me."

Promising Polly.

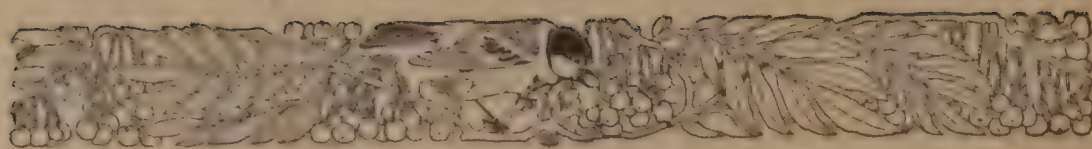
POLLY. DEAR, take this pill bottle at once, and put it in the medicine chest where Baby can't reach it. I must run to the telephone."

"Yes, mamma," promised Polly, with her ever willing smile, as she took the small bottle from her mother's hand.

But Polly didn't move. Her book was too interesting. She thought she would finish her chapter first. For a minute the bottle would be safe in her pocket. So into her pocket it went, to the pocket all worked with colored bunnies which Baby did so love.



A Dream of the Night Before Christmas.



At the same time, Polly glanced up to see that Baby was busy with his Teddy. Then she was deep in her book again, very deep, indeed.

Now, Polly was a sweet little girl. She was so willing and eager to please, that she always wanted to be doing something for somebody. Perhaps it would be better to say that she liked to tell people she would do things for them. For Polly had one fault: she promised easily, but she did not always keep her promises. The girls at school had learned that fault, and called her "Promising Polly."

So Polly was reading, reading, forgetting all about her promise, when—

"Tandy, Tandy," she suddenly heard the baby lisp. "Sour tandy."

"Can't have candy now, dear," answered Polly, absent-mindedly.

Then there was a long pause, while Polly went on reading.

"Tandy not nice," persisted Baby.

Finally Polly looked up to see what the child was chattering about. There on the rug lay the little pill bottle, and half the pills were gone. The baby was whimpering now.

Polly, with a guilty conscience, put the cork into the bottle, and ran upstairs with it. She kept wondering how many he had eaten. Perhaps it had only been one or two. They were like candy anyway. He had said so. Perhaps it would not hurt him. Mamma took one or two sometimes. It did not hurt her. Still Polly knew she should have had the bottle out of his reach.

When she came downstairs again, the baby seemed all right. He looked a little red, but that was all. She would run and tell mamma, anyway, as soon as she read a page more. This she promised herself. But she did not even keep her promise to herself.

A wild cry brought her to herself. Baby was redder than ever, almost purple in the face.

"Mamma, mamma," Polly cried, thoroughly frightened at last. "Baby's sick. Come quick!"

The next twenty-four hours were terrible for Polly. Little baby brother was going to die, and it was all her fault. She



had promised to put the pills safely away at once, and she had waited too long. And all for a silly story. It had seemed such a little thing at the time. She had felt her pocket was a safe place. But mamma had said "the medicine chest." and mamma had said, "at once." Mamma had certainly known best.

Polly was trying hard now to make up for what she had done. She felt she could not do enough, for she had to save Baby, and she had to earn a better name than "Promising Polly." How she hated her nickname now.

She must have run down-town twenty times on errands for her mother or the doctor. No time for promises, either! It was the time for acting. As soon as she came back, there was the telephone to answer, or some water to heat, or something to go for in the cellar, or a neighbor to call.

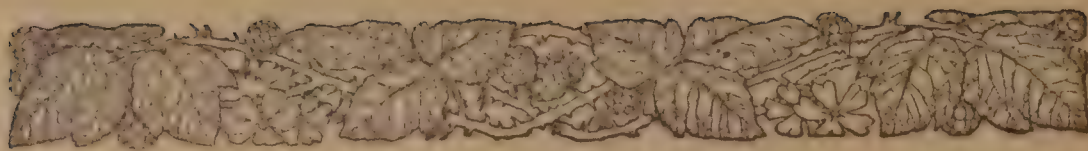
The next afternoon, Polly was quite out of breath running errands, when the big, kind doctor called her to him, and lifted her on his knee. She was afraid to hear what he was going to say. She thought that Baby must be dead.

"Polly, dear," he said, "I want to tell you that you've saved the baby's life. We couldn't have done it if you hadn't run for things so promptly and quickly. I think we'll have to make a nurse of you. You're a very promising little Polly."

The doctor never understood Polly's queer little smile. She was merely deciding that she liked her nickname after all, for it had changed its meaning.

Uncle Dick's Sunny Hour.

IT was a hopelessly rainy day. The rain fell in a steady determined way as if it had no intention of stopping for a month. The children had managed pretty well all the morning with indoor games and books, but when dinner was over and it was still pouring, their tempers began to give way. Tom and Archie began to spar, which was particularly sad, because Tom was just getting over an attack of measles and Archie should have known better than quarrel with a brother who had been fretful for more than a week. Kate, in the next room, was teasing little Polly, and there were signs



of an approaching tear-storm. At this point Uncle Dick came to the rescue. He went to the bed where Tom lay propped up in pillows, and addressing Archie, the elder said:

"Don't fuss, boys," he begged. "It's so horrid; it makes a rainy day worse, not to have it pleasant inside."

"That's what's the matter," growled Tom. "Find something jolly to do, and we won't fuss."



"Well, if you will all be quiet and ask riddles for a little while, I'll think up something," promised Uncle Dick.

He left the room and stood by the staircase window, looking out to see if there were any hope of a gleam of sunshine. But no!

"It looks as if it would never stop," he said, and stood thinking for a minute; then a bright thought came to him and he quietly set to work. First of all he made a bright fire in the nursery, and then rummaged a certain old trunk in the attic for some ancient curtains of yellow cretonne sprinkled with bright birds and flowers. These he pinned across the lower sashes of the three windows, shutting out the dismal view of the outside world. A fourth curtain he spread for a



cover on the table in the middle of the room. On this he set a vase filled with gay red and yellow flowers, zinnias and bachelors' buttons, making a spot of brilliant color. Around the table he grouped six chairs and before each place he laid a sheet of drawing paper and a box of school crayons. The dancing firelight on the yellow curtains gave a sunshine effect and the birds and flowers seemed alive in the glow. He nodded approvingly, and ran to call the children.

"It's a surprise," he said. "Shut your eyes and don't open them till you get inside the door. There!" He had piloted them carefully and now four pairs of eyes flew open at once. Four voices exclaimed in chorus, "How pretty! And how funny to have a fire in summer, but it's nice!"

"This is the Sunny Room," explained Uncle Dick. "Doesn't it look like sunshine? Now, everybody must sit down and copy these flowers in the middle of the table; and the one who makes the best drawing will get the vase for a prize. Isn't it pretty?"

The bright room, the new and pleasant occupation, had scattered weariness and ill-humor as by magic. The next hour was a sunny one indeed, as tongues ran merrily and pencils worked busily on the sheets of paper, and a perfect garden of flowers bloomed around the table.

"Time's up," Uncle Dick announced at last. "Show your papers."

The papers were passed around, and little Polly, being chosen judge, fixed presently on one as being in her opinion the best.

Everybody crowded to look at it. "That's mine!" said Uncle Dick, laughing. "I never thought I might win my own prize. But never mind; everybody has done so well. I think you are all entitled to a prize; so here goes!"

He took from the mantel a box of chocolates tied with bright red ribbons, opened it, and placed it on the table, with the invitation.

"Help yourselves!"

When the little feast was over, and not a single chocolate remained in the box, he went to the window, and drawing aside the "sunshine" curtain, let in a flood of real sunshine.



The rain was over, and the sun was smiling a "goodnight" before it went to bed. And suddenly Uncle Dick cried out and called them all to look at the lovely rainbow spanning the eastern sky. The "sunny hour" which might have been a cloudy and stormy one, had ended with this beautiful reminder of the rainbow's promise.

"The sunshine will always come back," said Uncle Dick, "and till it does, we can always make some for each other, indoors!"

A tiny Songster.

UNDER the eaves of the back porch an old syrup can was fastened in the hopes that a wren might make it his home. A day or two later a wren inspected the house and the next day the family moved in. That was about the twentieth of April. It was a very great pleasure to have them so near the house on account of their merry music. The wren's song seems to be a cheery bubble of music as spontaneous as a jet from a fountain, and he tilts his head back and sings with the joy and abandon of a Caruso.

The wren is such a familiar bird that he hardly needs description. His tiny form, long pointed bill and beady eyes are distinctive, as well as his upstanding tail.

The nest is usually constructed of small twigs and grass, but one day the wren was seen trying to take a hairpin into the nest. As the prongs were wide spread and the opening in the can small, he failed after much effort. Another time he made an unsuccessful attempt to take a small square piece of wire flyscreen into the nest.

The feeding of the nestlings is very interesting, the food for the most part being small insects and bugs.

The wren is a great lover of attention. If you will but listen to his song he will sing loudly, but if you will praise him for it he will almost split his throat in an effort to make an impression on you.

Although he sings a few notes he is one of our most delightful songsters. Usually he perches to sing, but he is so full of music that he often sings on the wing.



Oh, what can little Hands do?

OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given!



Nature, Singing the Praise of God.



An Autumm Song.

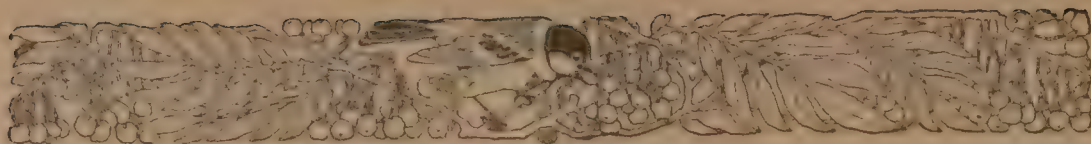
THE song birds are flying
And southward are hying,
No more their glad carols we hear.
The gardens are lonely,—
Chrysanthemums only
Dare now let their beauty appear.

The insects are hiding,—
The farmer providing
The lambkins a shelter from cold,
And after October
The woods will look sober
Without all their crimson and gold.

The loud winds are calling,
The ripe nuts are falling,
The squirrel now gathers his store.
The bears, homeward creeping,
Will soon all be sleeping
So snugly till winter is o'er.

Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over;
The snow-clouds are up in the sky
All ready for snowing;
Dear Autumn is going,
We bid her a loving good-bye.

Emilie Poulssen.



How Mrs. Spider Cleans House.

LIKE all careful housekeepers, Mrs. Spider has her cleaning days, but, unlike other careful housekeepers she wears her fine clothes when she works.

Maybe you have seen her all rigged out in her yellow and black velvet gown, sweeping and dusting her web, but just remember, she is not as extravagant as she seems. Clothes never bother her. She doesn't have to go to a dressmaker when she needs a new gown. She has only to step out of her old one, and lo! just under it is a fresh one all ready made, and a perfect fit.

No, Mrs. Spider is not extravagant. She is very economical, in fact: for, instead of throwing aside her old dresses, she rolls them into a ball and eats them.

There are no old-clothes men in the spider world.

Well, to tell about Mrs. Spider's house cleaning. She has neither brushes nor brooms nor dusters; so she begins her work by raising one of her eight claws and giving her house a shake which reaches every corner. She is careful, however, not to injure it, but she makes the dust fly. When this is done to her satisfaction, she looks her web over, first from the top, then from the bottom, and then from both sides. If the walls sag, or are the least bit broken, she rolls them into a ball and eats them just as she does her old clothes. Then she replaces them with new ones.

When everything is in thorough order, she sits down for a rest and to make her own toilet.

As her whole body and legs have a rough, hairy covering, she needs quite a little time to fix herself properly.

In her mandibles, or jaws, are the teeth with which she combs her hair, and her claws serve as brushes for the other parts of her body.



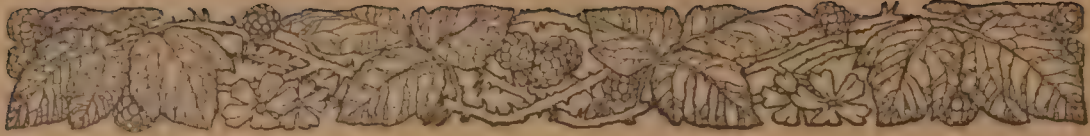
A Chimney-Sweep's Daring.

IN a big city there is all kind of work to do. One man makes a living selling coal. Another burns them in his stove. Then his chimney gets clogged up, and the stove has no more draft, so he must send for a man who cleans chimneys for a living. Such a man is called a chimney-sweep. He climbs up on the roof, pulls on some black overalls that reach up over his shoulders, puts on a tight-fitting cap, and then pulls weights up and down the chimney-hole, scraping off the soot, which he gathers from an opening below. Chimney-sweeps get very black when they are working, but they enjoy their occupation which is a healthy and, as you have noted, a necessary one.

Johnny Watkins was a chimney-sweep apprentice, working under his father's supervision. He was able to climb like a cat, scale smoke-stacks and chimneys, and then stand on top, never thinking of getting dizzy, while using the ropes and tools on the inside of the chimney. He would, however, then take off his shoes, because his bare feet could grip better. When his father died, he would help out the family income by doing jobs after school hours.

Once upon a time Johnny rendered a great service to his home-town, and this is what I want to tell you about.

During a cold night in winter, the janitor of the court-house had permitted the fire to burn with draught unchecked, in order to make sure that the pipes would not freeze. Well, they did not freeze, but the whole building almost was destroyed in the blaze that followed when the chimney caught fire. Now, it was an old building, and no one was very unhappy when the fire-bell rang, and the news was telephoned around town — "The court-house is burning!" The talk had long been that a new one should be built. But the building contained all the valuable records of the county, and if lost, these



could never be replaced. There were records of deeds, mortgages, last wills, marriage records, death records — all in a cabinet on the top floor of the building. Who would risk to climb up there and save those records?

The chief of the volunteer fire-fighters got no response.

Again he called for cool-headed men who would scale the long ladder, leap to the roof, drop through a sky-light and thus enter the record room.

“Here, I’ll do it!”

Every one gasped when out of the circle of men who had braved the wintry night there stood forth a young boy scarcely twelve years of age. It was Johnny Watkins, the chimney-sweep’s son.

“Would he be permitted—?” He begged for the privilege — which finally was granted on

condition that he would immediately turn back if he received warning that the fire was approaching that wing of the building.

Quickly, with cat-like leaps he ascended the ladder, then disappeared on the roof. A few minutes later the precious



records came sailing from a window in the top floor, tied up with stout cords, a great lot of them, bundle after bundle — until they were all saved.

What a cheer greeted Johnny when he returned safely to earth!

When the city council met next day, a considerable sum of money was awarded the heroic little chimney-sweep, enough, in fact, to help him continue at school and thus receive an education which fitted him for a better occupation than that of a chimney-sweep.

Tom Thumb.

A POOR woodman sat in his cottage one night, smoking his pipe by the fireside, while his wife sat by his side spinning. "How lonely it is, wife," said he, as he puffed out a long curl of smoke, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves, without any children to play about and amuse us while other people seem so happy and merry with their children!" "What you say is true," said the wife, sighing and turning round her wheel; "how happy should I be if I had but one child! If it were ever so small, nay if it were no bigger than my thumb — we should be very happy, and love it dearly." Now — odd as you may think it — it came to pass that this good woman's wish was fulfilled, just in the very way she had wished it; for, not long afterwards, she had a little boy, who was quite healthy and strong, but was not much bigger than my thumb. So they said, "Well, we cannot say we have not got what we wished for, and, little as he is, we will love him dearly." And they called him Thomas Thumb.

They gave him plenty of food, yet for all they could do he never grew bigger, but kept just the same size as he had been when he was born. Still his eyes were sharp and sparkling, and he soon showed himself to be a clever little fellow, who always knew well what he was about.

One day the little man crawled about in the hay-loft, and at last found a snug place to finish his night's rest in: so he



laid himself down, meaning to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home to his father and mother. But alas! How woefully he was undone! what crosses and sorrows happen to us all in this world! The cook got up early, before day-break, to feed the cows; and going straight to the hay-loft,



carried away a large bundle of hay, with the little man in the middle of it, fast asleep. He still, however, slept on, and did not awake till he found himself in the mouth of the cow; for the cook had put the hay into the cow's rick, and the cow had taken Tom up in a mouthful of it. "Good lack-a-day!" said he, "how came I to tumble into the mill?" But he soon found out where he really was; and was forced to have all his wits about him, that he might not get between the cow's teeth, and so be crushed to death. At last down he went into



her stomach. "It is rather dark here," said he; "they forgot to build windows in this room to let the sun in; a candle would be no bad thing."

Though he made the best of his bad luck, he did not like his quarters at all; and the worst of it was, that more and



more hay was always coming down, and the space left for him became smaller and smaller. At last he cried out as loud as he could, "Don't bring me any more hay! Don't bring me any more hay!"

The maid happened to be just then milking the cow: and hearing someone speak, but seeing nobody, and yet being quite sure it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so frightened that she fell off her stool, and upset the milk-pail. As soon as she could pick herself up out of the dirt, she ran off as fast as she could to her master



the parson, and said, "Sir, sir, the cow is talking!" But the parson said, "Woman, thou art surely mad!" However he went with her into the cow-shed, to try and see what was the matter.

Scarcely had they set their foot on the threshold, when Tom called out, "Don't bring me any more hay!" Then the parson himself was frightened; and thinking the cow was surely bewitched, told his man to kill her on the spot. So the cow was killed, and cut up; and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out upon a dunghill.

Tom soon set himself to work to get out, which was not a very easy task; but at last, just as he had made room to get his head out, fresh ill-luck befell him.

A goose was poking around in the yard, getting her noon-day meal. With one gulp she swallowed Tom Thumb, then took a good drink from the bucket of rain water under a corner of the house. Tom was almost drowned, but once more escaped with his life. The poor goose, however, was slaughtered that day and prepared for the table. Somehow, mother did not find little Tom, but sewed him up with the dressing before she set the goose into the oven. When Tom had almost despaired on account of the excessive heat, the goose was declared "done" and set upon the table.

Father reached out his carving knife, gave one cut across the threads which held the dressing, when — pop! — out stepped little Tom Thumb, leaped upon the goose and cried:

"Good evening, papa, you thought I was gone for good that time, didn't you?! How happy I am to see you! Won't you call mother!"

Then thy hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, for he was very hungry; and then they fetched new clothes for him, for his old ones had been quite spoiled on his journeys. So Master Thumb stayed at home with his father and mother, in peace; for though he had been so great a traveller, and had done and seen so many fine things, and was fond enough of telling the whole story, he always agreed that, after all, — There's no place like Home!

datacolor



Donald Kensler

Christmas Chimes



0 inch

1

2

3

4

5

6

WESTC

30

29

28

27

26

25

24

23

22

21

20

19

18

17

16

15



For the Holidays

collected by Uncle Timothy